

## ODD CURE FOR INSOMNIA

**AUTO-HYPNOTISM MAY BE EMPLOYED BY SLEEPLESS PERSON.**

Devices That Will at Least Not Hurt Him If They Do No Good—Any One Can Be a Svegliant.

You can easily cure your insomnia by auto-hypnotism, unless it be a case of too long standing. Of course the mere mention of the word "hypnotism" suggests an occult of mysteries. Yet, you probably hypnotize yourself a dozen times daily without knowing it. Of course, you do not put yourself involuntarily to sleep a dozen times a day. Sleep is not a necessary accompaniment of hypnotism. But you can make yourself sleep as well as do many other things not listed in the routine of your natural inclinations.

Here is a practical illustration of the force of voluntary auto-suggestion: Stand erect with your eyes closed and concentrate your attention for a few moments on the sensation of falling backward. You will begin immediately to sway in that direction. The same force with which you have unconsciously contracted the muscles of your legs and back will assist in taking blood from your brain and inducing sleep.

A hypnotic laboratory at home can be fitted up by pressing into service only the ordinary articles of domestic use. There are no end of needless whirly-gigs sold to induce the hypnotic state. These mechanical aids are valuable for contracting attention, fatiguing the eyes or deceiving the superstitious subject. But your bedroom can be converted into a fully-equipped laboratory by such simple acquisitions as a candle, a hand mirror, a lead pencil, a bottle, a stick of crayon, a sheet of wrapping paper and such common articles as are counted among the sundries of the humble abode.

Place a lighted candle behind a round bottle blown of colored glass—an ordinary green bottle—and stand at the spot where the light focuses on the opposite side. Let the room be dark. Previously disrobe and lie in bed ready for sleep. Concentrate your eyes upon the light spot on the bottle and time your eyes will grow so fatigued as naturally close. The head should be high, an sleep is produced by the blood's leaving the brain. When the head is elevated gravity aids to drain off such of the vital fluid as is not needed to nourish the brain during sleep. The bottle will serve as a screen against the glare of the candle. The latter can be cut short in order that it may burn itself out soon after sleep ensues. Should you be nervous about letting the candle burn while you are asleep set it upright in a china plate, sticking it fast with a few drops of its hot grease. Then when it dies out it can do no harm.

### TO MAKE A HYPNOTIC EYE.

Draw a large picture of the human eye upon white paper, using a soft black crayon. Hang the paper where the rays of your candle or night lamp will illuminate it. Stare at this eye for a quarter of an hour. If need be, try to refrain from winking. At the eye be sufficiently staring in its aspect it will finally "stare you out." Your eyes will grow fatigued and you will fall asleep.

Make a cone about eighteen inches long out of a sheet of white paper. Place the large end to your eyes and stare at the candle through it. Having maintained your stare thus for about three minutes, close your eyes. You will still see the outlines of the candle. Gaze at this image steadily—that is, continue to endeavor to see it, and after it has disappeared imagine that you see it until it reappears. This experiment frequently induces sleep in a very short time.

Stare into the pupils of your own eyes reflected in a mirror placed conveniently upon a stand or table close by your bed and at a distance of ten inches from your face. Stare until your piece of candle burns out. Even before that time your eyes will probably be closed in sleep.

Hold one end of a long lead pencil between your teeth and allow your gaze to run up and down its polished surface until the eyes close of their own accord. The same effect can be produced in the laboratory by staring at an imaginary spot at the tip of your nose. Touch your forehead with your finger. Then roll your eyes up under your lids and imagine that you are looking through the top of your head at this particular spot. Do this for three minutes, and drowsiness will probably cause the eyes to fall and the lids to remain closed in natural repose. Close your eyes and repeat by a hypnotist is to close your eyes and count the bright spots coming and going on your eyelids. Any one can see such spots if he closes his eyes.

### EXERCISE THE IMAGINATION.

Close your eyes and imagine that you are looking at the ceiling. Having done this for a moment, make yourself believe that you are looking into the eyes of a person lying on the ceiling, one after the other, in order. One hypnotist recommends the following: Close your eyes. Drop your head forward upon your chest. Then imagine that you are looking up and down your spine, from behind.

Imagine that you are counting the number of bricks on the corner of a high building. Commence at the bottom and count up. If you reach the top before falling asleep then start at the top and work downward. The eyes must be closed during this experiment, which is recommended by a teacher of hypnotism. This same authority teaches his subjects to pretend to sleep by taking a comfortable position and snoring lightly. This, he says, tends to encourage sleep, the same effect being produced by trying to yawn again and again, thus encouraging natural yawning. Of course, you must be in a comfortable position, ready for sleep, during these tests. It is also recommended slowly to turn over the leaves of a book, imagining while you do that you see the word "sleep" in large black letters, printed on each page. You will turn them more and more slowly and finally cease, unconsciously, and fall asleep.

With eyes closed, imagine that you are stretching a piece of elastic two inches long. Go through the actual movements again and again until you have stretched it as far as your arms will reach. One hypnotist encourages sleep in his patients by placing a cork between their teeth and causing them to bite hard on it for a minute or two. He also instructs them to shut their eyes and imagine that lemon juice is being dropped in their mouths, a drop at a time. This causes an increase of saliva and it is claimed, produces a soporific effect at the same time.

If these methods fail he requires the subject to roll his tongue back in his mouth and hold it steadily by pressing it against the palate. It is also claimed that sleep can be induced by rolling a small rubber ball or large marble between the hands and

imagining that you can see it roll. A more common method is to instruct the subject to breathe deeply and rapidly "sixty-three" times, bearing the idea in mind that the sixty-third breath will find him asleep.

In daylight laboratory tests a physician who employs hypnotism for therapeutic purposes gives his subjects a pencil and a pad of blank note paper and instructs them to write the word "sleepy" very slowly "thirty-three" times. They are told to close their eyes for a moment after writing the word each time. When they have written the word thirty-three times, and if still awake, they are to sit with eyes closed.

All of these methods are actually prescribed by practical hypnotists. Even the most powerful specialists practicing this science resort to such preliminary means for inducing sleep. Any of the above methods can be applied by one's self.

**INDUCING SLEEP IN OTHERS.**

Others, more interesting, can better be applied to a second person. Most any wife or mother can induce sleep in her wakeful husband or child by employment of amateur hypnotism, unless his insomnia be acute.

Of course, there must be no levity shown, lest lack of confidence result and this will be fatal if present in either the operator or the subject. "Anyone willing to try can make a hypnotist of himself, if gifted with ordinary tact, determination and judgment," a successful master of this art once told the writer by way of introduction to a lesson in hypnotism.

Take the photograph of some striking person known to your wakeful subject. Tell him that it is the portrait of one of the greatest hypnotists in the world, and that if he will gaze into its eyes he will feel their influence and soon drop into a sound sleep, lasting until morning. This is a method sometimes used in stage scenes, and many subjects will follow the suggestion at once.

The sleep having been induced you can tell your subject that when you arouse him in the morning you will present him with a card; that he will read what is written thereon, and that ever afterward he can make himself sleep by gazing at the same card, if undressed and in bed. Then prepare a card reading something like this: "You, 1701. He was a spectator of this engagement, so sanguinary and disastrous in its results. While talking, a canoe with several Indians in it was passing down the stream. On discovering Bruno the canoe was headed for the shore, landing at our feet, and I at once recognized that same disgusting old hag of a squaw as one of the party. After a short talk with Bruno they turned into the stream again and passed on to the town."

### A CANNIBAL FAMILY.

I then told my companion the oft-repeated story that I had heard regarding this woman. He said it was true; that he had known her for forty years; that she was the only daughter of "White Skin," the last head of the family of man-eaters.

"I knew her father when I first came to this part of the country to trade with the Indians, in 1770," continued Bruno. "White Skin at that time was said to be near a hundred years old, and no doubt it was true, yet he was an active, industrious man, possessed of a very retentive memory. The family, during the time that I knew them, consisted of the old man, his wife, and his daughter. They resided on the El river, some distance west of the 'Turtle village,' the home of the great war chief of the Miamis, Little Turtle, and about thirty-five miles northeast from Fort Wayne. They were known far and near as the man-eating family. They hadn't any friends that I knew of, with one exception, and that was Father Badden, a French missionary, for many years in this section of the country. He frequently visited them and helped them when they were in want. They lived very secluded lives. The Indians seemed to shun them.

"The old man and his family manufactured buckskins, were tanners, or dressers, of deerskins. They excelled in that business. For a number of years I traded with them, purchasing their skins for the Detroit market, where I found a ready sale for them. It was in this way that I became so intimately acquainted with them. I generally went to their camp to make my purchases, and often had to remain over night at their hut. But I seldom partook of any of their food, as I was not fond of dog meat, but from necessity, often eaten dog meat, but it was prepared in a different manner from the way they served it.

"I found the old fellow had no reluctance to talk about the man-eating charges made against him, particularly with me. I had gained his entire confidence. Having heard so much about this dreadful organization when I was a small boy, I remember I dreaded to have my father leave home to go among the Miamis. He was a trader at this point before I was born. When he died I took his place, and continued right along until a few years ago.

"My good friend Pierre Beaulien, of Detroit, had requested me, at the first opportunity I would have, to go with White Skin a history of the man-eating order (he wanted it for the Historical Society), which I did, as follows: One night—a beautiful moonlight night—while seated upon the grass in front of the bark hut smoking our kinnikinnick, the old man gave me the entire history of that portion of his life connected with the Order of Man Eaters. And this story I have written and told so often that I know it by heart, as the schoolboys say. I have had to repeat it to many of the great men of the land. Among the number was Gen. Lewis Cass, General (or Governor) Harrison, when I was at Vincennes; also the French savant and traveler, Count Volney, who was visiting there.

### A RELIGIOUS RITE.

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"I asked him how often he had eaten human flesh and if he assisted in killing those to be devoured.

"No," he said, "they were always prisoners of war, and generally Indians from hostile tribes, with now and then a paleface. In my younger days I participated in a great many of these feasts. We all liked the taste of human flesh; it was much sweeter than the flesh of wild animals. We never ate it solely for the purposes of food, to satisfy hunger; we partook of it as a religious rite, although some of the Indians when invited to partake with us would eat more than others; my brother and sister liked it so well that they would eat until they were full. As time passed the custom gradually declined. The Catholic missionaries did much to stop these sacrifices. It has been over twenty years since I last tasted human flesh."

"White Skin prided himself upon the fact that he represented a family that had such great distinction conferred upon it. 'When I was about twenty years old,' said he, 'I attended a grand feast of this kind, held on the east bank of the St. Joseph river, near Ke-ki-on-ga' (Fort Wayne).

"It was over there," said Mr. Bruno, pointing to a rise of ground, a plateau of about ten acres, just east of where we stood. 'I have always understood that this was the spot where the human sacrifices took place,' continued the Indian. 'We were notified the day before to be at the place of sacrifice by the following afternoon. We reached the grounds about noon. The faces of the entire family were painted black, even the papoose on its mother's back. A crowd of several hundred Indians had already assembled, anxiously waiting for the ceremony to begin. The prisoner, a Sauk Indian, who was perfectly naked, fastened to a stake, was chanting his death song. He was very brave; when the sun was about two hours high a squaw approached with a flambeau in her hand to ignite the faggots, when the doomed prisoner snatched the flambeau from her hand and set fire to his own funeral pile. At this act of bravery the vast crowd sent up shouts of admiration. When dead the body was laid upon the burning coals until it was well cooked; after a prolonged ceremony my father cut off a piece of the flesh for each member of the family, presenting it to us upon a sharpened stick, while we sat in a circle around the smoldering embers. After the family were all helped my father, in a loud voice, asked if there was any person present who wished to participate in the feast, when several men and squaws came forward and seated themselves in the circle. They were then told to help themselves. While the feasting was going on a deep silence prevailed. And just as the sun went down behind the treetops it was announced that the ceremony was ended, when a yell went up that shook the earth, and the carcass was left for the dogs to eat."

"Mon Dieu! Mon Dieu!" I exclaimed with horror and disgust at this terrible recital. "On again filling our pipes, he stated that his father and brother were both murdered while asleep in their camp, on the return from one of these human sacrifices, held near the mouth of the Wabash river. Then he became the head of the order. 'Did you ever conduct any of these ceremonies?'

"Yes, once only, and that was, over twenty years ago, and then was the last time that I ever tasted human flesh. My father's brother, a very old man, who was a head of the order, living on the Calumet river, near Calumet lake, where my father had often gone to assist in conducting these feasts, died the same summer my father was killed. His blanket fell upon the shoulders of his only child, a daughter, an old, decrepit woman. Soon after his death a prisoner was to be sacrificed; she sent a messenger to invite me and my family to come and assist her with the ceremonies. We got ready and returned with the messenger, teaching the village. I found the old woman very sick in her wigwam, unable to take part in the exercises, and I had to do it all myself. The prisoner was a young white man, and I was glad of it, for I did not like to eat the flesh of my own race, but had no objection to eating our then greatest enemy, the white man. There were not many Indians in attendance when I was, and they were all very old. Everthing passed off with a few minutes. About the usual number of invited guests participated in the feast with us. At the request of the old woman, I took her a piece of the flesh, which she ate with an apparent relish. She died the next day; this left me the sole representative of this great order. But never since that day has there been a sacrifice, as which human flesh was eaten, conducted by the Society of Man-Eaters.

"The point where these Calumet festivals were held," said Mr. Bruno, "was where now is located the town of Chicago, and not a great ways from where the bloody massacre of Fort Dearborn occurred in 1812, where my friend and neighbor, the brave Captain Wells, was killed by the treacherous Potawatomi Indians, the meanest and most detestable tribe of Indians in the Northwest. When Wells fell, pierced by the dozen bullets, his murderers cut off his head, cut out his heart and cut it into small particles, which were eaten with avidity by those who were lucky enough to secure a piece, for each one religiously believed that this would make them as brave as he from whom it was taken. This, no doubt, was the last time that the Indians of this region ever ate human flesh."

In the year 1836 the writer heard Father Theodore Badden, the old and well-known Catholic missionary, say that it was a well-established fact that there was, at a time not very remote, an organization existing among the Miamis known as the man-eating society, and that he was personally acquainted with the two last representatives (survivors of this dreadful order). One of them, Kee-wan-see-ah, lived near where now is located the town of Chicago. He further stated that the early missionaries bore ample testimony to the existence of the society of man-eaters, and to their efforts its suppression is due. Father Badden spent sixty years of his life among the Indian tribes of the Northwest, and died in Fort Wayne, in about the year 1842, aged ninety years.

**HENNEPIN'S TESTIMONY.**

Louis Hennepin, a French missionary, one of the first to visit the region of the Illinois and Wabash rivers, in a letter written to a friend, a Catholic priest residing in Quebec, dated November, 1684, says: "When on my way in the month of June last to the Ojibwa (Wabash) river, I came upon a large assemblage of savages. Twilight was (Miami), engaged in burning a prisoner at the stake—an Indiana belonging to a tribe with which they are at war. When I arrived on the scene the fierce flames were already wrapped about the victim, then in the throes of death. The savages danced around the fire, and in a state of frenzy brandished their war clubs accompanied with demoniacal shouts and contortions. In sorrow and disgust, I with-

## THE MAN-EATING MIAMIS

**INDIANS OF THE WABASH REGION ONCE PRACTICED CANNIBALISM.**

**Tribal Feasts Made on Such Occasions—Privilege Descended to Certain Families.**

Over sixty years ago the writer was a resident of Fort Wayne, Ind., near which place the remnant of the Miami tribe of Indians were living upon their reservation. Fort Wayne was the principal trading point and had been the seat of government, so to speak, of the Miamis from time immemorial. Here also lived many Canadians, retired French traders and aged voyageurs, from whom the writer obtained a fund of information regarding that once powerful and influential confederation of Indians. One of the most interesting facts that I had investigated was the charge that prior to the beginning of the last century there existed a society of savages among the Miamis known as the "man-eaters"—those that feasted upon the bodies of prisoners of war burned at the stake.

During the time that I resided at Fort Wayne I had often seen a very old, shriveled-up squaw, a repulsive-looking creature, who, it was said, was descended from the family of man-eaters.

I remember one Sabbath afternoon, in the month of September, 1836, while taking a stroll with my aged friend, John Battiste Bruno, an old French engineer and Indian trader, thirty at least years old, a very intelligent man, having been educated for the priesthood and possessing an extraordinarily good memory; we had reached a beautiful spot, a small grove that skirted the banks of the St. Joseph river, a mile above the town. Seated upon a log on the elevated bank of the stream he gave me a thrilling description of the terrible deed of General Hamer at this very spot, in 1701. He was a spectator of this engagement, so sanguinary and disastrous in its results. While talking, a canoe with several Indians in it was passing down the stream. On discovering Bruno the canoe was headed for the shore, landing at our feet, and I at once recognized that same disgusting old hag of a squaw as one of the party. After a short talk with Bruno they turned into the stream again and passed on to the town.

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**BARNYARD REPARTEE.**

First Rooster—What do you think of that hen cackling that way?

Second Rooster—Ridiculous. Eggs are too cheap to make all that fuss over one egg.

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"It was over there," said Mr. Bruno, pointing to a rise of ground, a plateau of about ten acres, just east of where we stood. 'I have always understood that this was the spot where the human sacrifices took place,' continued the Indian. 'We were notified the day before to be at the place of sacrifice by the following afternoon. We reached the grounds about noon. The faces of the entire family were painted black, even the papoose on its mother's back. A crowd of several hundred Indians had already assembled, anxiously waiting for the ceremony to begin. The prisoner, a Sauk Indian, who was perfectly naked, fastened to a stake, was chanting his death song. He was very brave; when the sun was about two hours high a squaw approached with a flambeau in her hand to ignite the faggots, when the doomed prisoner snatched the flambeau from her hand and set fire to his own funeral pile. At this act of bravery the vast crowd sent up shouts of admiration. When dead the body was laid upon the burning coals until it was well cooked; after a prolonged ceremony my father cut off a piece of the flesh for each member of the family, presenting it to us upon a sharpened stick, while we sat in a circle around the smoldering embers. After the family were all helped my father, in a loud voice, asked if there was any person present who wished to participate in the feast, when several men and squaws came forward and seated themselves in the circle. They were then told to help themselves. While the feasting was going on a deep silence prevailed. And just as the sun went down behind the treetops it was announced that the ceremony was ended, when a yell went up that shook the earth, and the carcass was left for the dogs to eat."

"Mon Dieu! Mon Dieu!" I exclaimed with horror and disgust at this terrible recital. "On again filling our pipes, he stated that his father and brother were both murdered while asleep in their camp, on the return from one of these human sacrifices, held near the mouth of the Wabash river. Then he became the head of the order. 'Did you ever conduct any of these ceremonies?'

### WHITE MAN A VICTIM.

"Yes, once only, and that was, over twenty years ago, and then was the last time that I ever tasted human flesh. My father's brother, a very old man, who was a head of the order, living on the Calumet river, near Calumet lake, where my father had often gone to assist in conducting these feasts, died the same summer my father was killed. His blanket fell upon the shoulders of his only child, a daughter, an old, decrepit woman. Soon after his death a prisoner was to be sacrificed; she sent a messenger to invite me and my family to come and assist her with the ceremonies. We got ready and returned with the messenger, teaching the village. I found the old woman very sick in her wigwam, unable to take part in the exercises, and I had to do it all myself. The prisoner was a young white man, and I was glad of it, for I did not like to eat the flesh of my own race, but had no objection to eating our then greatest enemy, the white man. There were not many Indians in attendance when I was, and they were all very old. Everthing passed off with a few minutes. About the usual number of invited guests participated in the feast with us. At the request of the old woman, I took her a piece of the flesh, which she ate with an apparent relish. She died the next day; this left me the sole representative of this great order. But never since that day has there been a sacrifice, as which human flesh was eaten, conducted by the Society of Man-Eaters.

"The point where these Calumet festivals were held," said Mr. Bruno, "was where now is located the town of Chicago, and not a great ways from where the bloody massacre of Fort Dearborn occurred in 1812, where my friend and neighbor, the brave Captain Wells, was killed by the treacherous Potawatomi Indians, the meanest and most detestable tribe of Indians in the Northwest. When Wells fell, pierced by the dozen bullets, his murderers cut off his head, cut out his heart and cut it into small particles, which were eaten with avidity by those who were lucky enough to secure a piece, for each one religiously believed that this would make them as brave as he from whom it was taken. This, no doubt, was the last time that the Indians of this region ever ate human flesh."

In the year 1836 the writer heard Father Theodore Badden, the old and well-known Catholic missionary, say that it was a well-established fact that there was, at a time not very remote, an organization existing among the Miamis known as the man-eating society, and that he was personally acquainted with the two last representatives (survivors of this dreadful order). One of them, Kee-wan-see-ah, lived near where now is located the town of Chicago. He further stated that the early missionaries bore ample testimony to the existence of the society of man-eaters, and to their efforts its suppression is due. Father Badden spent sixty years of his life among the Indian tribes of the Northwest, and died in Fort Wayne, in about the year 1842, aged ninety years.

**HENNEPIN'S TESTIMONY.**

Louis Hennepin, a French missionary, one of the first to visit the region of the Illinois and Wabash rivers, in a letter written to a friend, a Catholic priest residing in Quebec, dated November, 1684, says: "When on my way in the month of June last to the Ojibwa (Wabash) river, I came upon a large assemblage of savages. Twilight was (Miami), engaged in burning a prisoner at the stake—an Indiana belonging to a tribe with which they are at war. When I arrived on the scene the fierce flames were already wrapped about the victim, then in the throes of death. The savages danced around the fire, and in a state of frenzy brandished their war clubs accompanied with demoniacal shouts and contortions. In sorrow and disgust, I with-

forefathers many, many generations before, when the Minneways included most all of the Indians living on this side of the big river, the Mississippi, and by hereditary descent, passed from family to family. On the death of my grandfather, my father and his only brother became the sole representatives of this order, each having the right to perform the ceremonies at these human sacrifices.'

"I asked him how often he had eaten human flesh and if he assisted in killing those to be devoured.

"No," he said, "they were always prisoners of war, and generally Indians from hostile tribes, with now and then a paleface. In my younger days I participated in a great many of these feasts. We all liked the taste of human flesh; it was much sweeter than the flesh of wild animals. We never ate it solely for the purposes of food, to satisfy hunger; we partook of it as a religious rite, although some of the Indians when invited to partake with us would eat more than others; my brother and sister liked it so well that they would eat until they were full. As time passed the custom gradually declined. The Catholic missionaries did much to stop these sacrifices. It has been over twenty years since I last tasted human flesh."

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